Our Man in Pullach

The Service: The Memoirs of General Reinhard Gehlen translated by David Irving. World, 400 pp., \$10.00

The General Was a Spy by Heinz Höhne and Hermann Zolling, translated by Richard Barry. -Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, 347 pp., \$10.00

Gehlen, Spy of the Century by E. H. Cookridge. Random House, 402 pp., \$10.00

Neal Ascherson

When the Third Reich fell, the Allies were able to make use of a lot of Nazi junk. Like the telex machines in the Reuters office in Berlin, which up to a year or two ago still preserved a special key with the double lightning-flash of the SS, much of Hitler's furniture served the conquerors' purposes until equipment built for new requirements could be introduced. General Gehlen was such a piece of junk.. Unfortunately, he stayed in service for another. twenty-three years. Long after his espionage machinery had become obsolete and unreliable, the Gehlen keys. continued to tap out the only message they knew: Bolshevik Russia is the merciless arch-enemy of human civilization, only a right-wing authoritarian state can resist the Red Terror, anyone who doubts either of the above propositions is a "Staatsfeind."

Reinhard Gehlen, a small and reticent man with jug cars, was the head of Fremde Heere Ost (Foreign Armies East), the German military intelligence service on the eastern front during World War II. After the war, he sold himself, his men, and his files to the 'Americans on the condition that he be allowed to operate autonomously. In 1955 the "Gehlen Organization" was transferred to the Federal Republic under the name of "Bundesnachrichtendienst" (BND). From then until he was pushed into retirement in 1968, after a long series of scandals and official complaints, Gehlen ran a West German espionage service with branches and agents all over the world.

That is the framework. Within it lies a Bosch landscape of swarming, terrifying, terrified figures: an armed parachutist fleeing from Soviet patrols in Lithuania, a double traitor feasting on Release 2004 10713 tar ClARTOP 88-01350R000200510004 crat depusing smuggled, lobsters, SS veterans training rights such as the dignity of man, ties in Chancellor Brandt's governing subversion squads to enter socialist Hungary, and a swan carrying packets

of information under its wings across a Berlin lake. A woman opens her legs to Russian officers in Vienna; another is led to the guillotine in East Germany sever for high treason. Everywhere, men Geh looking over their shoulders are touting like folders of secrets for dog-eared wads of ians money. All these were Gehlen's crea-gallo tures. Somehow, looking back on this Him landscape in his memoirs, he can say: purv "My own view was that in the long right run only he who fights with a spotless estal shield will triumph."

Such is Gehlen's view of himself. His previ memoirs were sold in advance for a Ame gigantic sum to the right-wing Springer newspaper chain for serialization, but In a proved to be so eccentric, and indeed plain so dull, that the Springer journalists were obliged to pad them out with was apologetic notes. Their most startling calle page claimed that Bormann was a the Soviet spy and escaped to the Russians Thes after the fall of Berlin, a claim for "cou which Gehlen advances no real evidence whatever. Gehlen, to the anguish word of the Springer press, denies or ignores suspi most of the really sensational anecdotes about his postwar activities. Al Instead, he delivers interminable, whin-but. ing discourses about the internal bu- himson to women the in their worker reaucracy, of the BND in its head-, was a political idiot. His broad appreciquarters at Pullach, near Munich, and ations, colored by fascism and sheer about its budget grievances.

ly unreliable and at times deliberately that the State Department and later misleading, retain some historical inter- Chancellor Adenauer wished to hear. est. In the first place, they tell us But when the cold war began to something about Gehlen's world out-diminish, governments became imlook. Secondly, they confirm beyond patient with Gehlen's morbid view of doubt the disgraceful unconstitutional the Red threat. He sank into self-pity, campaign waged by Gehlen and his comforted only by episodes like the men against the Social Democrats and escalation of the Vietnam war (altheir "Ostpolitik," the patient effort to though, as he writes, even there the dismantle the cold war ramparts of Americans were too squeamish: "our legal fiction and paranoia which sepa- own blitz campaign in France taught rated West Germany from Eastern us that a massive and crushing use of Europe,

Gehlen's own politics, as revealed in pation:

After twenty years of arbitrary injustice and terror, the re-establiberty, justice and the sanctity of

property united every inhabitant

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crankiness, were worthless. For a time, But Gehlen's memoirs, though utter- no doubt, they were the appreciations force always costs less casualties").

The BND carried on a determined this book, remain those of a moderate rear-guard action against the Ostpolitik, Nazi. There is, for instance, the charac- before and after Gehlen's own retireteristic blindness to the torments and ment, and a large section of the feelings of any people other than the memoirs is devoted to the "illusions Germans. Consider this passage, in and unsound judgements" of Social which Gehlen is describing the life of Democrat politicians who do not realthe Soviet population under Nazi occu: ize that Russia "understands the word 'co-existence' in a purely offensive sense." It is rumored in Bonn that the BND recently played a part in subvert-